

In Fine Feather

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

"I can't pay you in money, child," spoke Mrs. Hannah Blake.

"Oh, I never thought of money, dear Mrs. Blake! I'm only too glad to be able to help you."

"You are a good, kind-hearted girl, and nothing but happiness will come to you. It's been a hard week for all of us, but you have borne your burden like some sweet angel."

"Oh, Mrs. Blake!" fluttered Hazel Blair, all adash.

"It's true, and I don't know how we could have got along without you. But as I began to say, I can't pay you in money, but I must make you a little present. Come with me, child."

When cross-grained, tyrannical old Silas Blake was taken down with a fever, it was in harvest time, with all the hands busy, the well ones of the family included. A nurse was necessary, but the Blakes were in money straits; Hazel, who lived at the next farm with her aunt, volunteered. Mrs. Blake had been friendly and kind to Hazel's mother during her last illness, and the true-hearted daughter remembered it.

Mrs. Blake led Hazel into a little storeroom where the old bureau stood, and opened one of its drawers. She carefully drew out a long, bulky, but neatly cared-for package done up in a sheet, placed it on a table, after dusting off the latter, and drew aside the folds of the sheet, revealing a beautiful toilette. The outfit of a beautiful, expensive silk attire was complete, even to petticoat and hose.



Laid Aside the Treasured Dress.

There was a pair of dainty slippers, hair ribbons and a belt of satin, all of one harmonious, delicate lilac hue. "And there's a hat, dear," imparted Mrs. Blake, "in that box yonder. It's all for you, that's my present."

"Oh!" It was all that Hazel could utter. She was dazzled. Her eyes shone, her breath came in little fluttering gasps, and her cheeks were radiant.

"Was there ever anything in the world so beautiful?" she panted. "You came here the next two evenings, and we'll get it at it and fit it to you," pursued Mrs. Blake, "although I fancy it won't need much remodeling, for Mrs. Van Buskirk was just your height and build."

"Who is Mrs. Van Buskirk?" queried the bewildered Hazel.

"The lady who with her husband summered with us last season—don't you remember?"

"I think I do," replied Hazel vaguely.

"They seemed to have plenty of money," explained Mrs. Blake, "but the last week they were here some business troubles worried them. They had to hurry back to the city and did not have enough to pay me all they owed me. Mrs. Van Buskirk insisted on leaving this outfit, which she had never worn. Later I learned they had all gone to pieces, so I guess Mrs. Van Buskirk never cared to wear the dress, for she did not send for it, so it's yours, dear. You love nice things. As you get older you are going to get into society, a pretty girl like you."

"Maybe, Mrs. Blake," smiled Hazel, "but such a dress was never worn at hayrack rides and harvest festivals and church societies. But, oh! all the same it will be a wondrous delight to me to have such pretty things, if it's mine."

"Certainly."

"Well, I wish you'd explain it to me." "Why—er—that's one of the things the eight-hour law forbids. It is so complicated, I couldn't possibly explain it to you without working overtime."

"Don't you believe it," rejoined the demoralizer. "Everybody knows that when an opportunity arises it goes without saying, while a woman hangs around the front door for an hour saying 'good-bye.'"

"A surprise." "What was Mrs. Bizzy doing yesterday?" "To my great surprise I found she had nothing on hand but her gloves," which may dispose of it to someone else.

Each section has now become a garden with a little white house in the middle of it, and there are 2,000 of these. The people belonging to this community, freed from all fear for the future of their family, marry young and have many children. The births average forty-three a thousand, and infant mortality is very low.

Poverty is unknown here because it is impossible. Some of the men leave the security of their quiet homes for greater profits in Dunkirk, the nearest big city, or go even further away.

Is this the model of human society in the future?

Gentle Hint. My little sister sometimes accompanied me when I called on my friends. She made a practice of asking for something to eat, and I asked her not to do so again. The next time she moved uneasily in her chair, and finally said: "Well, I think we had better start for home. I'm getting so hungry I'm afraid you will have to carry me home."—Chicago Tribune

Remarkable Settlement on the Coast of the North Sea Founded by Louis XIV.

Communists may be surprised to learn that an absolutely communist settlement exists in France on the coast of the North sea between Gravelines and Dunkirk. Jacques Bertillon has lately described this remarkable colony.

It is called Fort Mardeck and was founded by Louis XIV. It was then only a bare point of land and was frequently visited by pirates. Here the king established four families from Picardy to occupy the fort, giving them a vast uncultivated territory on condition that they would never sell it nor divide it up. The descendants of these families, almost all fishermen, have adopted the following regulation: Everyone born there who marries is to receive 2,400 square meters of land, but possession of this property is only temporary. On the holder's death the property returns to the community,

only to dress up once in a while, just to look at myself and dream that I am a princess, or the like!"

The two evenings of fixing over were like wild riots of glorious pleasure. When, fully arrayed in the beautiful dress, Hazel stood before the mirror, Mrs. Blake went into ecstasies and Hazel's bright eyes danced.

Hazel, back home, laid aside the treasured dress, but her last glance at night was for it. Then she would dream of high-born dames, and knights of chivalry, and gilded palaces, and great social functions.

One day, when her aunt was away, Hazel dressed up in full elegance. She was possessed with girlish longing to show herself. Her thought was to get past the wooden stretch between her home and the summer hotel grounds—just once parade past the promenaders, and feel that, in attire at least, she was one of the "madding crowd." When she neared the throng, however, Hazel's timid nature shrank from the ordeal. She went to a quiet nook in the woods, sat down on a fallen tree and dreamed.

She arose suddenly. Hazel had removed her pretty picture hat and placed it beside her. A little dog came running up, seized the prized headgear, and ran off with it.

"Come back! oh, come back!" cried the distracted Hazel, but the mischievous little animal was out of sight like an arrow. Hazel had rushed vainly, in pursuit, fairly crying, when a quick whistle rang out and a well-dressed young man came into view. The dog scampered up to him and the hat was rescued, unharmed.

What a delightful young man—all courtesy, apology and consideration! He was manifestly captivated by the fair face, but indulged only in a few generalities, and was gone, but he had managed to linger for fully five minutes, and Hazel was duly impressed. She had in a measure been false to herself. For a few moments at least, she had carried out all the dignity of a fashionable young lady to the manner born. It was quite a small and thrilling experience to pose in an exclusive sphere and to be accepted as a simon-pure devotee of fashion!

Gordon Marie did not forget that charming face. It was strange, he told himself, but somehow the flashing memory of that chance meeting caused him to long for another sight of its possessor. Twice he roamed through the woods, hoping to come across the ideal of his dreams, but Hazel did not reappear.

Then he made inquiries among his set, but that furnished no clue. He decided that the young lady who had so impressed him must belong to some of the rich farmer families of that district. Then one day, he met her.

He was passing a neat, small cottage, with a beautifully kept garden, when the unfenced lawn and a cool-looking pump in the back yard tempted him to alight his thirst.

As he rounded the house, he came upon a wash bench, a tub sending up snowy cascades of soapsuds, and, bending over it, was the lady of his dreams.

"Could I have a drink," he began, and started and stared.

"Certainly," said Hazel, but in a vivid gasp and all afish, recognizing her knight of the picture hat episode.

She was an enticing picture to her admirer as she daintily wiped the suds from her little hands on the great enveloping apron she wore, as she tripped to the kitchen and returned with a glass and handed it to him.

He made a clumsy task of pumping, and Hazel had to show him how to manage the crank handle. Then both laughed, and her embarrassment was gone.

He referred to their first meeting. Hazel told him the story of her wonderful dress. Who could resist her truth and simplicity? Not Gordon Marie, heart-hungry for real love, and here he found it.

In after years Hazel Marie had a whole wardrobe of the latest gowns, but the one in which she had first flashed into the presence of her devoted husband she kept as a cherished memento.

Adroit Evasion. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you understand the eight-hour law?"

"Certainly." "Well, I wish you'd explain it to me." "Why—er—that's one of the things the eight-hour law forbids. It is so complicated, I couldn't possibly explain it to you without working overtime."

Wrong Definition. "Woman," said the misguided moralizer, "is one of nature's opportunities."

"Don't you believe it," rejoined the demoralizer. "Everybody knows that when an opportunity arises it goes without saying, while a woman hangs around the front door for an hour saying 'good-bye.'"

A Surprise. "What was Mrs. Bizzy doing yesterday?" "To my great surprise I found she had nothing on hand but her gloves," which may dispose of it to someone else.

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QUEER FUNERAL IN JERUSALEM



An unusual funeral procession in Jerusalem. A Turkish soldier is being carried to his grave, a British officer acting as one of the pallbearers.

LOCAL INFECTION EXPLAINS ILLS

Baffling Eye Affections, Joint Ailments, and Even Appendicitis Accounted For.

DOCTORS ADMIT LAY WISDOM

High Priests of Medicine No Longer Regard Patient's Diagnosis as Mere Superstition—Tonsils and Teeth at Bottom of Trouble.

New York.—Recent experiments, investigations, and experimental treatment in the domains of medicine and surgery have led to a solution of many of the hitherto puzzling problems of medical science. Physicians are beginning to realize that many general constitutional disturbances which baffled their skill are still due to small local foci of infection. When these are removed their patients soon recover, sometimes, indeed, with astonishing rapidity.

How recent the realization of the real solution of these medical mysteries is may be judged from the following editorial comment in the New York Medical Journal:

"For many years it was thought that we were well acquainted with bacteria and their vagaries, but recently we have discovered that there remains much to be learned. Of the various activities of bacteria the most interesting at present is that of the so-called local infection. By this is meant a small, more or less quiescent point of disease, which, although it causes no local disturbance, gives rise to symptoms elsewhere in the body.

Most Important Manifestation. "Probably the most important of these manifestations is the involvement of the various joints of the body. If we pick up our textbooks to read about arthritis, the chances are that

we shall be much discouraged, not only by the unfavorable prognosis, but also by our inability to determine the cause.

"Since the work of Rosenow and others, however, we are fast realizing that a small collection of bacteria may be responsible for the joint condition, and we are also discovering the fact that the only way to accomplish much good is to attack the primary focus.

"At present the capable physician is no longer content to give antipyretics in expectation of a marvelous cure. If a patient now gives a history of chronic and painful joints, the first thought of his physician should be focal infection. To determine the presence or absence of such a condition is not always an easy task, and outside aid, particularly the Roentgen ray, will have to be called upon.

Tonsils and Teeth. "The tonsils may be diseased, or what is very common, there may be infection at the roots of the teeth. This last is a frequent condition and may be present without local indications. It is also interesting to note that many inflammatory conditions of the eye are directly referable to dental infections. This has long been recognized by the laity, but the idea was considered to be mere superstition by the medical high priests.

"After removal of the focal infection the patient's rapid recovery, in many instances, is little short of marvelous. In most cases no further treatment seems to be necessary, the joints cease to be painful, and the convalescent goes on his way rejoicing.

"That bacteria in the focal cause the distant lesion has been proved so many times that there can now be no doubt as to the causal relation. The isolated organisms, when injected into experimental animals, show a special affinity for tissues similar to those involved in the original instance. A joint will be attacked, an eye become involved, even the appendix will succumb, according to the affinity shown in the first case.

"The more thoroughly the matter is investigated, the clearer it becomes that focal infection seems to explain satisfactorily certain of the hitherto unsolved problems of medicine."

AGED PERSONS ARE MARRIED

Romance That Began Nearly Half a Century Ago Is Happily Ended.

Cleveland, O.—A romance which had its birth a half century ago in the public schools of Niles, but which was broken by a lovers' quarrel, culminated Monday night at eight o'clock at the parsonage of Rev. T. Alfred Fleming at No. 9815 Pratt avenue, when Mrs. Emma Davis of No. 10720 Massie avenue and David Armstrong of No. 10521 Grantwood avenue were married.

Mrs. Armstrong is fifty-eight years old, her husband is sixty-two. Armstrong and his bride were playmates in Niles 50 years ago. Almost constant association brought their two hearts together, and as years passed, plans were made for their marriage. Armstrong was then twenty-one.

Then came the lovers' quarrel—a trivial disagreement and the twain drifted apart. Armstrong married; so did his first love, and then nearly 40 years passed away.

Death left them single again, and fate drew them together. Both settled in Cleveland scarcely a thousand yards apart. Their love dream of youth was resumed. And they began courting anew! The aged "newly weds" will make their home at 10720 Massie avenue.

BOY GETS A HOODOO DEER

California Lad Shoots Old Buck That Dodged Bullets of Other Hunters.

Salinas, Cal.—Monterey county, which usually has more deer killed in it than any other county in California, tops all the local records with a forked-horn buck that weighed 231 pounds, dressed. The buck was killed in the last day of the season by William Casey, Jr., near his home at San Lucas. The deer was an old one, and hunters have been trying for years to get it, but the wily buck always managed to escape the bullets and was called "the hoodoo."

Wisconsin Farmer Would Rather Do That Than Stay in Jail, He Says.

Racine, Wis.—Herman Isfriding of Burlington is chopping wood for Police Chief Baker at \$2 a day. The chief is glad to have the work done, because he has just put in a cement floor, and couldn't find anyone to chop the old one into firewood till he hit on Isfriding. Herman says he is

only too glad to work ten hours a day at the job, although he is reputed worth \$50,000 and hasn't been doing much hard labor of late years.

Mrs. Isfriding had him brought to court a few days ago and sentenced to 90 days in jail on a charge of abusing her while drunk. Isfriding was taken in charge by the sheriff and has been serving his time. When he overheard the police chief asking the sheriff for a prisoner to do the work, he jumped at the chance.

Isfriding has one of the best stock

has \$50,000, CHOPS WOOD

only too glad to work ten hours a day at the job, although he is reputed worth \$50,000 and hasn't been doing much hard labor of late years.

FIND A SNAKE IN BANANAS

Attacked by Whole Office Force, Serpent Is Cornered and Commits Suicide.

Tacoma, Wash.—A well behaved, beautifully-colored, five-foot Porto Rican snake, species unknown, which had smuggled his way some 5,000 miles in a bunch of bananas from his tropic home, arrived in Tacoma.

Bill Hall, driver for Hammond & Co., packed a bunch of bananas to the senior. After weighing them he saw something that looked like a peculiar leaf in the top of the bunch. Bill stuck his finger down and the leaf turned into a big, red, hungry mouth. Bill let out a yell that sounded like a steamboat whistle and ran.

The whole office force, armed with various weapons, advanced to the attack and the snake dropped on the floor and headed for the wharf. When surrounded he coiled and was ready for battle.

Seeing his chance for escape cut off the snake plunged his fangs into his own body, gave a final wriggle and turned over stone dead.

HORSE DIGS UP A PURSE

Clears Up Theft That Has Been a Mystery for More Than a Year.

Beaver Falls, Pa.—A mystery of a year's standing has been cleared up. Recently Justice of the Peace W. H. McElvaney of New Galilee received a pocketbook containing checks and railroad tickets from Mayor Christopher of Lisbon, O.

Last year Justice McElvaney attended the Columbiana county fair in Lisbon and reported to the authorities that his pocketbook had been stolen from his pocket.

Mrs. McElvaney and a woman friend saw the thief take the pocketbook and the following day, the man was arrested in Smith's Ferry, Pa. Mrs. McElvaney identifying him. The grand jury released the prisoner for lack of evidence.

A few days ago J. B. Lyther of Lisbon tied his horse to a post in the fair grounds. The horse dug up the pocketbook.

OLD MINE WON AT CARDS

Thirty Years Later Claim Shows Prospects of Producing a Large Fortune.

Helena, Mont.—One wintry night some thirty years ago a group of men sat about a card table in Helena. It was late when one man shoved in his last "white"—and lost. Demanding one more try, he offered a mining claim. Not a gambler in the house would give the desperate stranger so much as a chip for his claim—none but "Swede Sam" Wallin. The miner lost. The land which became Wallin's as a result of the night at cards lay in the Blossburg mining district, near Helena. As the years of three decades passed, its dirt remained unnoticed.

Lately Wallin's claim may have grown to be worth \$100,000. A prospector struck a rich vein of ore in the Blossburg district, running into Wallin's claim.

MILLIONAIRE FISH MERCHANT.

Photo shows Alexander Paladini, the oldest fish merchant on the Pacific coast. He has been in the fish business for nearly 65 years, and during all this time he has bucked the fish trust and worked without vacation until he is known among his many acquaintances as the millionaire fishman. Life would not be worth living to Paladini if he could not do his rough rags and work in the fishery with the seven younger Paladini.

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